

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

at SALT LAKE THEATERS



ORPHEUM THEATER—Opens its vaudeville season with matinee and evening performances today. "Madame Butterfly" the feature. Performances every afternoon and evening.

COLONIAL THEATER—Willard Mack, Marjorie Rambeau and associate players in "The Rose of the Rancho." Curtain at 8:15 p. m. Matinees Thursday and Saturday afternoons at 2:15.

EMPEROR THEATER—Sullivan-Considine vaudeville. Matinee daily at 2:30. Two evening performances, 7:30 and 9:15. Bill changes Wednesday afternoon.

LEST we forget, the promise made at the close of the vaudeville season at the Orpheum to the effect that the 1912-13 season would eclipse all previous efforts of Martin Beck would appear to be justified if the opening bill of the season is to be any criterion. Commencing this afternoon, the State street temple of mirth throws open its doors, and the regular crowd will congregate at the regular place in the regular way, bringing a few battalions of recruits along with them.

David Belasco will make his debut as a vehicle for the uplift of vaudeville in the form of his own production of "Madame Butterfly." That pathetic little story of the Japanese girl who loved a stranger from the rising sun will be staged and presented as only a Belasco production can be. Belasco's name is the hall-mark of the theatrical world, and the securing of this great theatrical producer for vaudeville was one of the big pieces of theatrical news earlier in the year. "Madame Butterfly" which will be seen here will be exactly the same as it was first presented as a curtain raiser for "Naughty Anthony," and it is not a condensation of the grand opera or play by the same name.

Second on the bill are listed the Five Piroscopis, who are said to be the cream of Europe's jugglers. Everything on the stage while they are in view is in the air. They work fast, with snap and ginger, and altogether their act is of the breath-taking order. One of their stunts is to line up at the footlights and turn their broad-brimmed hats into boomerangs, which they throw into the gallery only to sail back into the hands of one or the other of the quintet.

The Kaufman Brothers are a deep and abiding joy for those who revel in black-face comedy. From their uproarious entry to the grand finale these two good singers and purveyors of new gags have the house in an uproar.

Another good entertainer is Bert Terrell, who is now completing a tour of the world and playing the Orpheum circuit before returning to his native England. He is billed as a Dutch character singer. His long suit is yodling. A saucy subterfuge and an elongated comedian made up as a French boulevardier on roller skates are Winslow and Stryker, a pair of graceful and daring roller rinkists. The woman has a good voice, which she uses effectively, while the man relies on his good work and comedy for the big hauls.

Billed as a smart musical act, John Reidy and Elsie Currie will combine some excellent solo work and duets with some striking harp playing. The Animated Review, devoted to current news of the world, will furnish the daylight motion pictures, and the enlarged orchestra, under Willard E. Weihe, will render some new music.

WELCOME is the announcement that Willard Mack, Marjorie Rambeau and associate players will present for the second week at the Colonial David Belasco's famous play, "The Rose of the Rancho," starting tonight. It is doubtful if any production in recent years has obtained the hold on the public as has this great drama of David Belasco's.

When first presented at this house about three years ago by Mr. Mack and his company, it was such a decided success that it was retained for the second week, and established a record at the present scale of prices which has



John T. Murray, Former Star of the "Midnight Sons," Who Will Headline the New Bill at the Empress Beginning Wednesday Next.

never been equaled. The historical interest which attaches to "The Rose of the Rancho" of early California days is not the least of its attractions. The early Spanish settlers were a picturesque people, and Mr. Belasco has endeavored to portray many of the most interesting customs. Their natural distrust of the Americans who have annexed them, fostered by the wrongs which they have suffered at the hands of unscrupulous land agents, is made the basis of a very pretty story, which is given with stage effects that run riot in a profusion of palms, flowers, orange trees and luxuriant semi-tropical foliage of California.

There is much in the play scenically, and Mr. Mack has promised a production surpassing any ever given by a stock company of this play.

Mr. Belasco founded the play upon incidents in the early history of California. He laid his scenes among the old missions and in the quaint Spanish haciendas of the period, the middle of the last century, gave him what he loved most, an opportunity for stage display. He has gone to unusual lengths delineating life in old California. Mr. Mack has left no stone unturned to make the forthcoming production as near to what the author describes as is possible. The company surrounding Mr. Mack and Miss Rambeau is probably the best adapted to this particular play that has been assembled in this city. Mr. Mack will portray Kearney, and to those who last saw him in this role, comment is unnecessary. Miss Rambeau has the role of Juanita, and in her hands a most delightful performance may be expected. The other parts are in cap-

able hands of this popular company, which has been augmented for this week. Regular matinees will be given on Thursday and Saturday. Owing to the length of the performance the curtain will rise at 8:15 promptly.

FOLLOWING a remarkable week from a patronage standpoint the Rex today enters upon its second week as the purveyor of the entire output of the Universal Film company as it comes direct from the various studios embraced in the organization. Prior to last week two houses in Salt Lake shared this privilege. From all the first run pictures issued by the independent concern.

Three times each week, Wednesday, Friday and Sunday, there is an entire change of bill and each and every film exhibited has never been seen anywhere before. These films are released simultaneously all over the country and the Rex is the place for the state of Utah. Under this arrangement the programme will vary in length according to the output. There will be never less than five films shown, and sometimes there will be eight.

Commencing today the headline feature comes in the form of a thrilling and heart interest drama of the moonshiners' country. It is an Imp release and carries the title of "In Old Tennessee." The story deals with one Nell Grinn, a secret service agent in the employ of the government.

Another of those big Bison stories, entitled "The White Savior," a Rex masterpiece. "Through Memory Blank," and two other stirring photodramas complete the bill.

Hoop-La, Season Is On

Four New Plays Staged

"The Girl From Montmartre" Is Risque, but Is Redeemed by Music and Features; "Hanky Panky" Is Joyous; "Stop Thief" a Lively Farce.

BY VANDERHEYDEN FYLES

NEW YORK, Aug. 17.—Hoop-la! We're off! As though to show that it no longer slows down to such things as "dog days," New York has kept me on the run to no less than four new, full-grown plays since I wrote to you a week ago; and if a fifth one I looked in on was only a little one, at least two of the long novelties were so obese as to more than make up for it.

"The Girl From Montmartre" and "Hanky Panky," though dissimilar in some essentials, are alike in being merry, crowded, gorgeous song and dance entertainments of the sort so comprehensively and Americanly called "musical shows." Miss Hattie Williams and Richard Carle are the leading spirits of the "Montmartre" version, and though none of the numerous entertainers in "Hanky Panky" is "starred," it has a potent head-and-front in Lew M. Fields. No; Mr. Fields does not appear in it; but he is there in spirit every moment, for it is his genius for burlesque that imbues the entertainment with a rollicking soul of harmless merriment.

IN AUGUST, 1899, I sat in the same seat in the same theater and saw the first New York performance of "The Girl From Montmartre," which was virtually the same play as "The Girl From Montmartre." That is, the same, but with a difference. The "Maxim" farce was a faithful translation of Georges Feydeau's "La Dame Chez Maxim," then a reigning "hit" of Paris; the "Montmartre" version crowded the poor, helpless play almost into the wings and out of view in order to give the Misses Song and Dance the center of the stage. And so numerous and engaging are these tune-fests, sprightly, that we don't care much whether were Mr. Plot does get his rights or not.

Truth to tell, it is not a pretty story, anyway; and its thirteen years have not improved it. Miss Williams, however, makes a general, wholesome "siren" that the nasty facts of the fable are more or less lost sight of. The play is not hesitant about making straight for facts, though. It starts in Parisian physician's bedroom, with that hardened singer stretched under a sofa, sleeping off his package of the night before, while a girl he met at a Montmartre restaurant sits up in his bed, bland and smiling. Nor is she in the least affected by the doctor's agitation, when he wakes to a vague consciousness as to where he is and why, and presently is overcome by a very definite realization of the situation and especially of his wife's imminent return from the country. And she, shrewish female, does return before Pauline (Miss Williams) has been prevailed upon to go. But the girl from Montmartre is more than a match for Madame Petypon, and, learning her belief in ghosts, pretends to be one.

PRALINE, however, is no sooner out of that scrape than she bungles herself into another. Dr. Petypon's warlike uncle brings the news that a niece of his is about to marry the lieutenant who is Praline's one best bet. So off she goes to Touraine for the formal betrothal, gaining entrance to the purely family gathering by pretending to be Madame Petypon. But why go further with the plot? It is the least admirable attribute of "The Girl From Montmartre," and, happily, about the least noticeable in performance.

It is the songs and dances, and especially the personalities of the players, that "make," or fail to make, an entertainment of this sort. Miss Williams and Mr. Carle do not let their roles deter them from introducing the sort of pleasantries that have gone so far, in the past, toward making their reputations. It is by the way, in the songless original of this farce, that Miss Williams took her first step in stardom; but then she had to get on without such an aid as "Don't Turn My Picture to the Wall." Don't know what that is? Well, you will—you surely will. That swinging, tuneful ditty will flow under a good many precocious arches before it kills itself through popularity. Miss Williams may like herself better in the "Hoop-La, Father Doesn't Care" song, but the audience left her in no doubt as to their preference for the "catchy" ditty about the flirtatious minx who passes from one romance to another with no concern beyond the treatment of her photograph. If any of the multitude of songs and dances that make "The Girl From Montmartre" bulge like an overfed puppy could be said to outrun "Don't Turn My Picture to

the Wall" in favor, it was a new variant of the turkey-trot called "The Vienna Roll," danced with bewildering spirit and abandon by Miss Moya Maunier and Alan Mudie, agreeably remembered in "The Siren." Then, too, there was George Lydecker to keep both feet on the floor, but send his pleasing voice to the roof; Miss Bertha Holly, Lennox Parle, Albert Hart, William Danforth, and, especially, Miss Marian Abbott, as Madame Petypon, to keep the fun simmering; and, by no means least, a garden of girls, each one prettier than the one before.

OH, yes, the authors! The mere authors—why bother about mere authors? "La Dame de Chez Maxim" has knocked about the world a lot since she scampered from the paternal pen of N. Feydeau. In Germany she received a musical setting from Henry Berens, composer of "Little Boy Blue." Some of it has clung, but much of the sentimental and rather serious score has been crowded out to make room for genial and gingery American ditties, by the tuneful Irving Berlin. And the "book" has been freshened by no less experienced doctors than the Smith Brothers—Harry B. and Robert B. But how should I be expected to waste time remembering a lot of absent men in the face of a stageful of very present girls?

AT one point in the first New York performance I began to wonder whether the champagne of "Hanky Panky" had not been mixed with the waters of a Tennysonian brook—the extravaganza seemed destined to flow on forever. Not that I should have minded; a life of uninterrupted and wholly irresponsible gaiety has something to be said for it. Like Sir Arthur Pinero's estimate of the "modern" plays of John Galsworthy, George Bernard Shaw and J. M. Barrie, "Hanky Panky" has no beginning and no end, though why I go so far out of my way as to encircle a scant half dozen leading literary lights to describe the effect of a gay and glittering frolic of the Weberfeldian variety, I really cannot say. "Hanky Panky," you must know, was put together eight months or so ago for the purpose of establishing a local music hall in Chicago of the Weber & Fields type; and though that purpose was not permanently fulfilled, the inaugural extravaganza enjoyed a successful "run" of several months. Edgar Smith, who wrote practically all the "books" for the Weber & Fields Music Hall, was called in to put this echo of them together; and the first thing he did was to dispose of the bothersome question of just how little or how much plot should be fed to audiences at such pieces, by throwing out all vestige of story.

THE first lifting of the curtain plucked us immediately into that riot of color, sound and girls which constitutes a "Lew Fields show." A crush of young women, in a thousand shades of purple, pink, sky blue and yellow, were running around in a rose garden such as used to be found only

FLORENCE MOORE

Broadway Receives the Surprise of the Season When New and Bewitching Comedienne Comes Down from the Stage and Kisses Six Alleged Bald-Headed Men, Just Because She Feels Sorry for Them.—"If You Were Young and Handsome I Never Would Have Given You a Kiss," Says the Fascinating Feminine Half of the Famous Vaudeville Team of Montgomery and Moore.



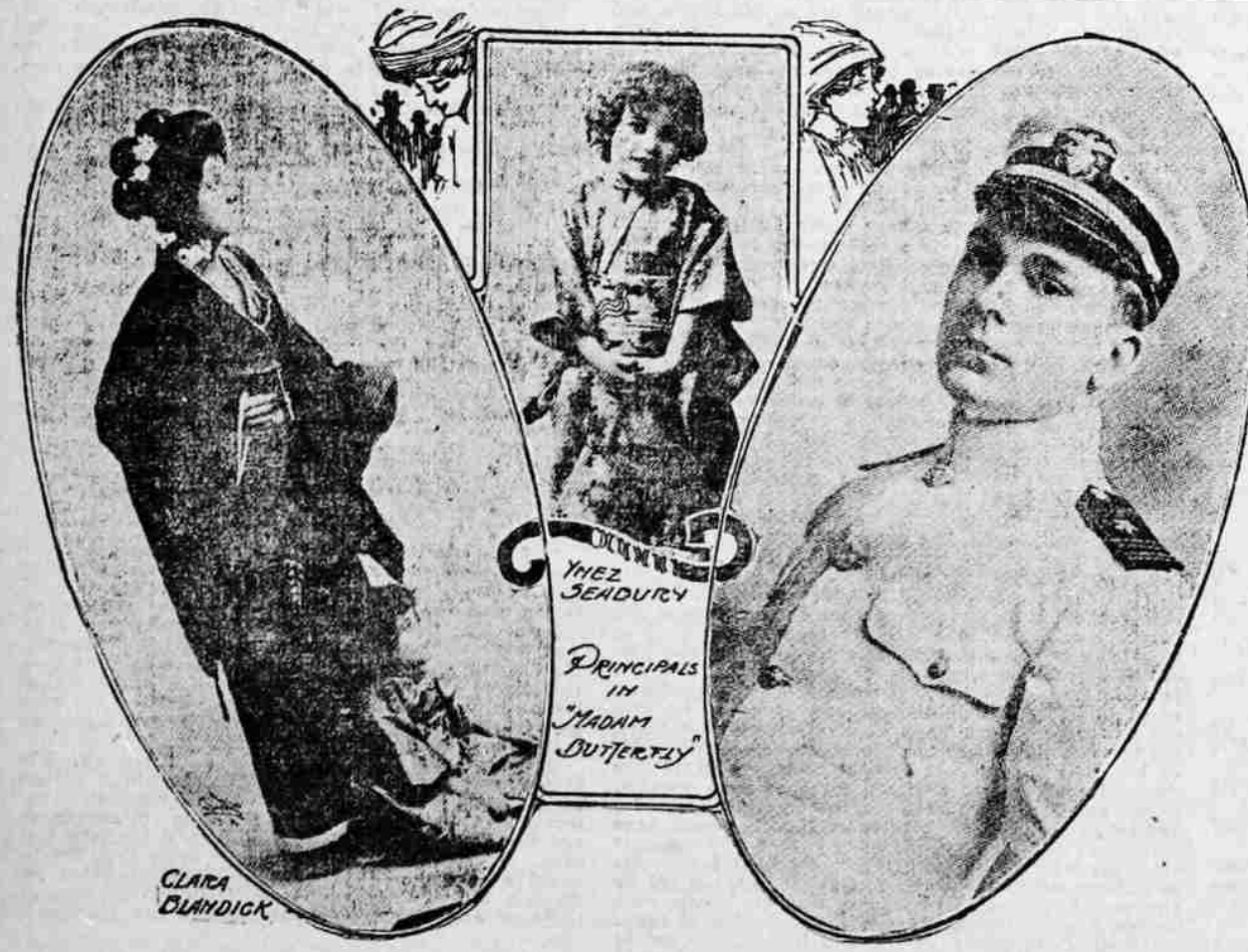
in fairy books, but nowadays may be seen on the "front drops" of vaudeville theaters; and every one was singing at the top of her voice. Presently a couple of chorus men ran in with a tennis net, stretched it across the stage, and we could hardly help but guess that a tennis game was in progress. I hope Mr. E. Ray Goetz's lyrics were utterly worthless, for though he supplied enough for seventeen songs I never caught a word. However, I did catch a ball. Just to show that we were all friends, the stageful of girls ambled to the footlights and pelted the audience with tennis balls. This before eight-thirty o'clock! Having hurled the ball back to the stage, I sat dismayed at what could keep up such a pace through three hours or more to follow. But I should have speculated as to "who," rather than "what," for it was a young woman new to Broadway who ambled into view at a little after nine and carried off such a triumph of tomfoolery as has not set an audience of metropolitan first-nighters cheering so lustily for a long time.

AND what an audience; George M. Cohan, in the second row, looked as serious as a Scotch elder, though he was quietly generous with his encouragement to the performers, all of whom seemed to be friends and some of whom appeared to care more about entertaining him than all the other auditors put together. Charles King of Bryce & King was not prepared to give his ap-

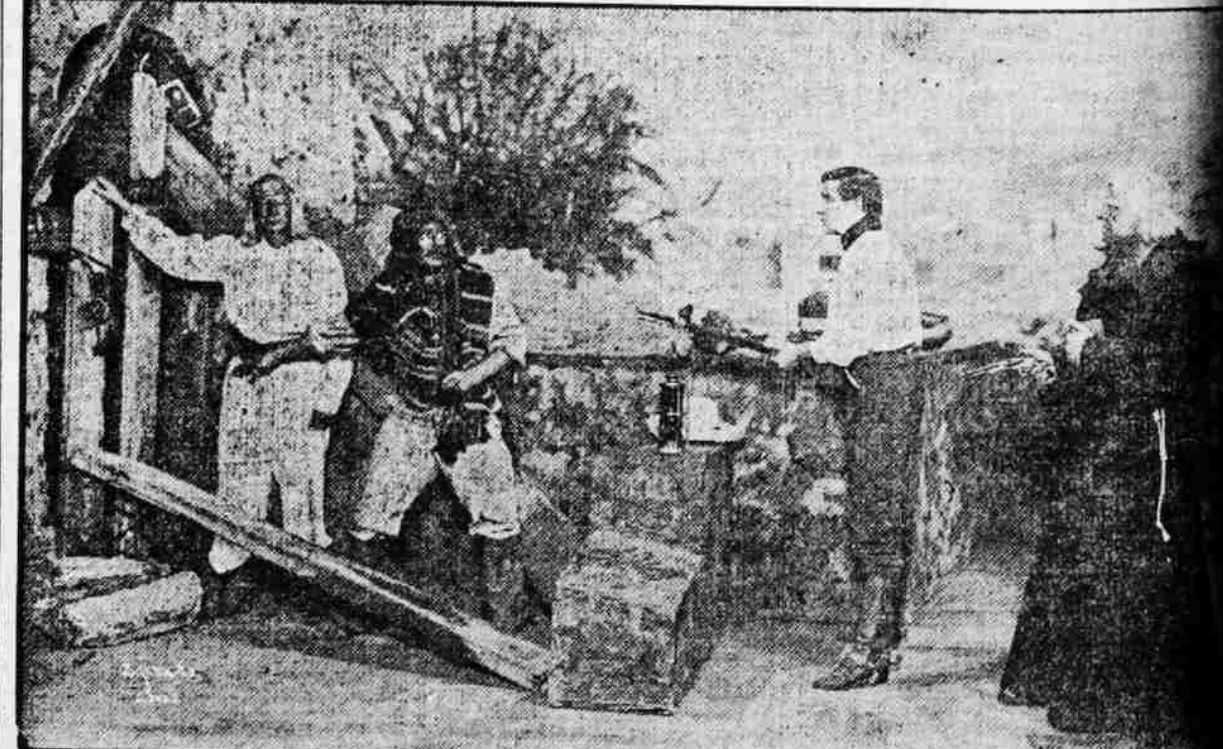
probation lightly; Raymond Hitchcock radiated geniality on every one so freely as almost to count its value; Mlle. Dazie, as prim and fragile and domestic one of Louise Alcott's Little Women; Joseph M. Weber water Miss Rogers in an imitation of his self with an expressionless manner that would make a Sphinx's face a chatty given by comparison; and Eva Tanguay in a mob cap and sheer muslin, as if she had been made for Martin Washington, looked demure as a little French doll. I never left her seat once; I would have believed Eva Tanguay could keep still so long!

PARTICULARLY graceful in Miss Tanguay's ready plause for Miss Florence Moore, who came, saw and conquered Broadway with a single glance—graceful because the newcomer's method of fun-making was somewhat like that of Miss Tanguay, yet Miss Moore is wholly individual, a copyist of no one. She is a healthy looking girl, who appears to be brimming over with good spirits. She is by no means pretty, but her face lights up with a mischievous glow that is a hundred times more attractive than any beauty which she jokes about in having. In the first act she does give an exhibition of the difference in effect of recitations with and without gestures; but it really would be impossible to convey.

(Continued on Following Page)



Scene From David Belasco's "Madame Butterfly," the Headliner on the Opening Bill at the Orpheum Today.



Scene From "The Rose of the Rancho," David Belasco's Wonderful Play, Which Will Be Presented by Willard Mack, Marjorie Rambeau and Associate Players at the Colonial, Beginning Tonight.